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PUCK.—Aha! I thought I should see you there some day!

J. Keppler.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It should be a deep pleasure to every right-minded man to utter words of respect and praise for a departed political adversary. It is not often that the political opponents of honest men, in this politician-ridden country, deserve such tribute. But we who have always, without personal or party bias, recorded our disapproval of General Logan's unwarrantable aspirations, are more than glad to-day to bear witness to his many great virtues and his usefulness to his country. We know that he was brave, honest, warm-hearted, frank, outspoken and thoroughly manly. That his courage and devotion were of vast service in the war of the Rebellion there can be no doubt. He was a brave soldier, and, considering his lack of military education, a wonderfully good one.

All this we say gladly, and we could say much more, were it necessary to speak further of one whose virtues have long been well-known, cheerfully recognized, and rewarded with a generosity that sometimes passed the bounds of discretion. But there is something else that ought to be said of General Logan, and that may be said without unkindness or disrespect. In him the American characteristic trait of self-confidence reached monstrous proportions. For years his one ambition had been to reach the Presidential chair. And yet neither by nature nor education was he fit for the position he coveted. Honest he was, certainly, and intelligent; but his education was of the most defective sort; he was without any form of what is known as "culture"; he was as ignorant of state-craft and of the subtle requirements of diplomacy as is the veriest child. He was a man of violent prejudices and vehement impulses, utterly devoid of the judicial faculty, constitutionally unable to see both sides of a question; hot-tempered, and governed only by a moral code of pagan simplicity, the two great tenets whereof were these: Thou shalt not steal, and: Thou shalt stick to thy friends. And good as these rules are, they can not take the place of all the law and the prophets. It is more than possible that had he lived longer, Logan might have sat in Lincoln's seat. But what mental or moral equipment had he to do the duties of the place in the spirit which Lincoln brought to his work? That his intentions would have been honest no one will doubt.

But how scanty were his powers for a task of such supreme magnitude as that he challenged!

It is not to be supposed that General Logan ever sat down and asked himself whether he was really a proper person to be the President of the United States, whether there were not other men better qualified than himself, and whether it was not his duty to support the claims of such men. He knew, however, that he wanted the place, and he set to work to get it with the same simple self-confidence that he would have shown in attempting to secure the position of Chief Justice for any young lawyer who had won his favor. The idea of qualifying himself for the post by hard study never occurred to him—because the idea that he was not qualified had never occurred to him. It behooves every young American to study the spiritual situation herein revealed—the desire of a man, honest but incompetent, to take upon himself a great and awful responsibility for the mere gratification of personal ambition. One of the most mischievous productions of our modern democratic civilization is the man who thinks he could play the fiddle if he tried; and America produces more than her share of such men. In fact, this idea lies at the bottom of all our American pluck, grit and push. It is an unsound and unworthy idea, and should be rooted out of the foundation of any healthy character.

There is nothing to be done—to be done *rightly*—in this world, except by hard, unwearying, humble study and practice. The first possibility of strength comes to a man when he recognizes his own weakness, tries to fathom the depths of his own ignorance, and, in true

and manly humility, sets to work to find out what he can do to make himself strong and wise. Let young Americans think how this man of energy, courage, honesty and intelligence lies dead, only sixty years old, worn out by a life of mad aspiration, of struggles with weaker and unworthier men, of all the care and anxiety of selfish political scheming. With his natural gifts, he might have made himself a wise and pure ruler. He will be remembered only as a brave soldier. That is enough—but consider how much more he sought that he could never have achieved in the way he sought it!

There is a time, as we have frequently remarked, when the long-suffering American citizen rises up in his might and asserts his rights. Knowing this fact, we shall not be surprised to see a delegation of decent New Yorkers marching down to Park Row some fine morning this winter, to exact a bond of each one of the various morning papers that no more domestic or trans-Atlantic nastiness shall be served up under the name of news. The filth, the horrors, the foul and shocking sensations, so-called, which have lately made our newspapers unfit reading for respectable people need neither description nor comment. It is hard, in fact, to so much as reprehend their publication without incidentally advertising their nastiness. But if anybody has the slightest doubt as to the work our daily papers are doing, let him buy, at random, any issue of certain morning journals published in this city, and ask a virtuous young girl to read aloud to him any three consecutive columns—outside of the advertising department and the market reports.

A DIALOGUE.

"So 'Fatty Walsh' is in the Tombs?
Well, that is certainly accordin'
To his deserts." "He's there as Warden!"
"What! Who will watch the Warden?"

NOT A GUEST.



HOTEL PORTER (to Gentleman in the wash-room).—Is yo' a guest ob de hotel, sir?

GENTLEMAN (paying four dollars a day).—Guest? No, I'm a victim.

PUCK takes great pleasure in saying that although his Third Crop of PICKINGS FROM PUCK is now cavorting through the land, his First and Second Crops of the same name are doing some cavorting, too.

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AN IMPORTANT EVENT.



MISS THIRDSEASON.—Well, my dear, how d'ye do? I thought I'd run over and cheer you up a little for to-night.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—You're ever so good. I'm awfully nervous.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, nonsense, you need n't be. How many bouquets so far?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Only eighteen.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—It's rather early yet—from five to seven you'll get plenty.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—I do hope so. Clara Newcome said she had thirty-nine last week! I shall die of mortification if I don't have as many as that!

MISS THIRDSEASON.—You need n't worry! In any event, your début will be more brilliant than hers.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, do you think so?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Yes, indeed. It handicaps a girl fearfully to come out with an elder sister, not even engaged.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—I suppose it does.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, my, yes! Then your family connection is so large. You'll have plenty of dinners, teas and routs given for you, and that brings the men to the coming-out party, you know.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Does it?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Yes, indeed. They'll be out in full force to-night. On general principles, a girl's début is apt to be successful. You see the girls all come to talk sweet to you, to size you up, as the men say, and the married belles come and pet you to discover how dangerous you're going to be, and, with the male contingent you're sure to have, there's really nothing to fear to-night.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—You quite reassure me.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—You'll wear white, of course?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, yes. White tulle and lilies of the valley. Simple, you know, but just too sweet for any use.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—I suppose so. That's your rôle just now—sweet simplicity. By the way, are you going in for anything?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Going in for anything?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Yes; are you going to be horsey or musical or literary or athletic or æsthetic, or any of that sort of thing?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, I don't know. Ought I?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Well, no; I don't believe I would. I did, but not for long. Dickey Hunt was leading all the germans when I came out, and he was the best *parti* of the winter, so I went in for dancing. He married Nell Carew at Easter; and, at any rate, it's too warm in the spring season to dance much, so I rather dropped any specialty.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—I just love to dance.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Yes, I know; "buds" all dote on dancing—it's when you get along in your second season that you like to

"sit it out" on the stairs and look down at the dancers and sigh a little, and remember when you were as enthusiastic as "those happy girls inside." That's awfully taking.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—To whom?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, you goosey. To the man who is sitting it out with you, of course.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, yes. But about going in for something—you really don't think you would, then?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, no; not this year, anyway. There don't seem to be as many sets as there used to be. You have to know everything a little, now-a-days, and nothing very well.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—That's a comfort.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Is n't it! Why, I talked half an hour the other evening on *chiar' oscuro*, and I can't even spell the word.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—How ever did you do it?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, I let him talk and tell me all about it, just listening, you know, in an awfully interested little way, and occasionally making a comment or asking a question that I stole directly from him.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—But did n't he suspect you?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Not he, indeed! He told Pinkie Talbot the same evening he was surprised at my thorough knowledge of the technique of art. That is our compensation.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—What?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, to get on, you know, and impress the men on so little capital. But I really must go.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, don't yet. I've lots to ask you. Do you know I'm afraid I shan't know what to talk about to-night.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, yes, you will. Did you see the Greek play?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—No.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, well, that's old, at any rate, but you'll find plenty to say in answering compliments, and that sort of thing.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, I hope so.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Well, good-bye. Oh, do you know I've got an awfully fetching new gown, but I'm going to be magnanimous, and not wear it to-night.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—You're awfully good.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Am I not? And now, really, good-bye. I'll see you to-night.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, yes. Well, good-bye, if you must go.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Good-bye. It's awfully comfortable to have the worry all over and be engaged.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—I suppose so. Good-bye.

PHILIP H. WELCH.



MR. HERON ALLEN charges twenty dollars to look at a hand, and is accused of being exorbitant. We wish to say that if the average reader will polish up his thinker, he will readily recall several occasions on which he has paid a great deal more than this for the privilege of seeing one, so that the charge seems to be based on a kind of back-ended precedence.

THEY HAVE been trying, unsuccessfully, to raise the steamer *Brother Jonathan*, which was wrecked on the Oregon coast with \$2,000,000 in gold on board. There is a man named Cohen, in Baxter street in this city, who could stand on the shore and whistle, and cause every blessed coin to come right out of the recesses of the deep and go into his pocket.

MRS. LUCY S. BARBER, of Allegany County, N. Y., having succeeded in voting at the last election, was tendered a reception a day or two ago at the Hoffman House, by the Women's Suffrage Committee. At last accounts Mr. Barber had the baby under control, but the village druggist is getting wealthy on his chloroform profits.

THE KING OF BELGIUM is said to pay Stanley twenty thousand dollars a year. And he wants him where he can lay his finger on him.

GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.



MRS. DACRE (in an effort to start the conversation).—Now, Major, which was it, the lady or the tiger?

MAJOR GOITALL (who has been on the Plains for ten years, has recently lost some money, and is not familiar with literary chestnuts).—R-really, Mrs. Dacre, if any rumors have come to your ears with regard to my—er—conduct since I came East, you must at least give me the benefit of a Scotch verdict—not proven, you know.

SINCE THE last heavy snow covered the streets of Brooklyn, it is an every-day practice for people to raise their windows for a few moments to air their rooms.

THE FACT that Duffy is responsible for the new noun, "combine," alone ought to be enough to hang him.

TENNYSON WAS once a peerless poet. Now he is a poetless peer.

NAUTICAL NOMENCLATURE.

"Thistle-down the *Mayflower*," the merry Briton cried:

"You had better call her *Chestnut*," the victorious Yank replied.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

THE man who chews tobacco should be talked to death by an anti-cigarette fiend.

The man who wrote a poem four years ago, and who has not utterly and absolutely forgotten it, should be made to eat it: this to humble his pride. Or, he should be made to eat a dried apple, in the hope that the little extra expansion would burst him—and burst him in a manner calculated to make people inquire: "The man, oh, where is he?"

The little, thin man, with thinner side-whiskers and still thinner intellect, who puts his thin hands together and asks in a thin voice: "What real lesson did you intend to convey in your last burlesque?" and, immediately after: "Now, tell me, about how many pages does it take to make a page of print?" should be put in an exhausted receiver.

The pompous old white cravat who believes that all the credit of a literary burlesque redounds to himself when he denominates it an "ah—ah—travesty," should be immediately placed in a "darkened apartment," or even sent supperless to bed; nothing can be too severe for such an infant.

The man who is proud of his penmanship, who "practises" his signature for hours every day, should be driven into the ground for a perennial pumpkin plant.

The man who thinks that his own position is the highest in the world should be kicked to death by an ass—this to fulfil the eternal obligations of fratricide.

The woman who "takes people up" and who "drops people" should herself be taken up and dropped. She should be taken up about a thousand feet.

The woman who would marry for money should be obliged by a mighty law to marry some monumental idiot incapable of fathoming her design; and the man who would marry for money should be constrained to wear long stockings and an engagement ring.

The man who lives on "the avenue" and who wastes French wines, Havana cigars and Italian Mastrodonato furniture on himself, while his father continues to live back in the country in shabby poverty, should be condemned to the severest punishment his brutal nature is capable

BETWEEN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.



An absent-minded husband, who had n't been to church for a long time, reached for his hat as the choir ceased singing, and a momentary lull took place, when his wife whispered:

"What are you doing, John?"

"I'm just going out to see a man," he said.

of feeling—that is, to have the father drop in on him while he is "entertaining."

The man who hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, should live next door to the young woman who is said to play the piano "better than any one I ever heard unless it were a professional"—this in order that he may employ his treasuries and stratagems to further the cause of humanity.

WILLISTON FISH.

BY CONTRACT.

DAY upon day, throughout the summer calm, The warm red paves of Hooligan, his court, Displayed a wealth of strange receptacles: There could the curious eye discern the square Of knotty pine with lithographs adorned, Proclaiming unto all its erewhile wares; The canned tomato—shunned of wise men now— The various brands of soap; cheap candles, too; All things that grocers carry forth at morn And back again at even, once had filled These rude interiors, though all were there Alike consigned unto a cindery doom. Ashes reposed in all, as well as in The battered bucket and the wash-boiler Punctured of bottom. As for barrels, lo! They stood along the curb in myriads. And more and more did these accumulate; And the birds built, and reared their young, and fed On happy wings away to Wiggins' clime. In the far country lanes the chicory, Opened and shut each day its fringed eyes From June until October, and the breeze Week after week scarce served to sway the leaves Of willow and of aspen in the dells. Still in the cramped and crowded city court The ashes lingered; for he came not yet— The carter—with his dense and pallid cheek. At last, one day, when-as th' electric wires Flashed news of flood and tempest from the West, When the pale blue of heaven was overcast With hurrying vapors, and the winds shrieked shrill, And the last late lamented tom-cat lay Upon the high crest of the topmost crate; The ashmen came—as out of Hades' pit— Spat on this hand and that, and bare away Barrel and bucket, box and wash-boiler. Then went a sudden wailing through the ways Of all the neighborhood. The alleys rang With cries of children ravished of their sight: Men swore through gritty teeth and women wept, Washing their grimy faces with hot tears Yet 'tis a common rumor through the ward That certain moneys will be paid to one By whom each week the court of Hooligan Was cleansed of ash in Eighteen Eighty-Six.

ADELAIDE.

PRAY do not think me cold,
 Adelaide,
 And do not chide nor scold,
 Sweetest maid,
 If I tell you, very clearly,
 That although I love you dearly,
 Of your passionate embraces I'm afraid.

I worship and adore,
 Adelaide,
 As I have said before,
 Winsome jade;
 But new clothes are quite expensive,
 And I'm rather apprehensive,
 That this coat upon the shoulder's getting frayed.

Your peachy cheek, so soft,
 Adelaide,
 Upon that spot so oft
 You have laid,
 That the nap long since departed,
 And now the web is started,
 Why, the garment very soon will be decayed.

O, do not shed that tear,
 Adelaide,
 But loan me while I'm
 here,
 As a trade,
 That most ancient linen-
 duster
 That your father used to
 muster,
 When the mercury
 marked ninety in the shade.

CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

HENRY GEORGE'S LOGIC.

THE brilliancy of Mr. Henry George's logic can only be fully understood and appreciated by those few master-minds that make the study of logic a daily amusement.

It must not be by any means supposed that Mr. George has exhausted himself in his reply to the archbishop. O, dear, no! Here are more syllogisms of the same sort as those therein given:

- 1.—Nothing is property except that which is the product of man's hand.
 - 2.—The horse is not the product of man's hand.
 - 3.—Therefore the horse is not property.
- And again:
- 1.—Property is the product of man's hand.
 - 2.—Man makes a saw-horse.
 - 3.—Therefore the horse is property.
- Another:
- 1.—All created things are not property.
 - 2.—All things are created.
 - 3.—Therefore there is no property.
- And this one:
- 1.—Everything made by man is property.
 - 2.—Man makes land productive.
 - 3.—Therefore land is property.
- Also:
- 1.—Everything created by the Deity is not property.
 - 2.—The Deity created land.
 - 3.—Therefore land is not property.
- And:
- 1.—Property is property.
 - 2.—A horse is not land.
 - 3.—Therefore property is not property.
- Or this:
- 1.—What we produce is property.
 - 2.—Sheriff produces prisoner.
 - 3.—Therefore a prisoner is property.
- Likewise:
- 1.—Land is not property.
 - 2.—Land produces barley.
 - 3.—Therefore beer is intoxicating.
- Still another:
- 1.—Bees sting.
 - 2.—Wasps sting.
 - 3.—Therefore the bee is a wasp.
- And this:
- 1.—Property has no value.
 - 2.—A horse is not property.
 - 3.—Therefore property is valuable.
- And this last:
- 1.—A horse is not an ass.
 - 2.—Mr. George is not a horse.
 - 3.—Therefore Mr. George —

It must be plain to the most unlettered mind that, as all things were originally created by the Deity, including the hair on our head and the beard on our face, that there is no such thing as property.

And it is also equally clear that man makes a farm just as much as he makes a house, by improving the raw material placed at his disposal; so that land is property.

In due process of time, the lunkheads who carp and criticise will begin to comprehend the mysterious beauties of Mr. George's logic, and then we shall have the glorious future before us, with all its grand and glorious possibilities, among which we may enumerate the appropriating of farm lands and vacant lots, the expulsion of Americans from America, free plunder for foreign-born boodler Aldermen, the right of every man to do what he pleases, and to exterminate every other man who does not think as he does.

When it is fully and clearly understood, Mr. George's logic will do more to benefit and enlighten the misguided and pig-headed people of this country than a barrel of dynamite dropped into the bosom of every family.

Yours logically,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

TITLE-TIPS.

"A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER"—Getting Married.

"THE MINISTER'S CHARGE"—Fifty Dollars.

"IN THE CLOUDS"—The Aëronaut.

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"—Chatham Street.

MARSHALL P. WILDER gaped the other day, while bidding some friends good-bye at the Cunard pier. Before he could close his mouth again, he had received three good offers from steamship companies owning adjacent piers. It is not known just what they wanted of him, but a freight-shed is hinted at.

THE ENCORE-FIEND.



LAP, clap, clap, clap!
 thump-thump!

It is the encore-fiend. He is engaged in a laudable endeavor to get his money's worth, at a concert.

Thus far he has stamped, thumped, clapped and pounded every number on the programme, without respect to the age, sex or previous condition of the performers. And he has been pretty generally successful

in his efforts, too. The audience is well peppered with idiots, who only need the trip-hammer signal of the encore-fiend to raise their esthetic sensibilities to the demonstrative point.

Miss Skeags has been out four times already, whereas, the programme entitles her to only two appearances. Mr. Brown has warbled so often that he is getting noticeably weak in the knees, and his acknowledgments are becoming somewhat erratic. Still the encore-fiend survives, and his enthusiasm abates not. The performers regard him with terrified and supplicating glances, as he sits on the edge of his seat, craning his body forward, with his cane between his knees. As the last note is in process of wailing, the cane comes up about four inches from the floor. The instant the performer starts to retreat from the stage, the cane comes down with a whack that would have stripped all of the seven sleepers of the last rag of bed-clothes. Then the audience settles back in mute despair. I wonder what a concert would be without the encore-fiend? But it is useless to over-tax the imagination. He will always be there. **PAUL PASTNOR.**

DOUBLED UP.



ETHEL.—What an ugly animal! And so that is the Unicorn of fabled story, is it?
ETHELBERT (Yale, '86).—D-don't speak so loud, Ethel! If you make any more such egregious errors in public, I'll not go out with you. D-don't you see he's a bi-corn?

CRITICIZED.



HEY meet in a horse-car; each gives a little scream of surprise and delight; they shake hands furiously, kiss, giggle, and finally settle down into the following learned discussion of books and authors: "What you reading this winter, anyhow, Mame?" "Oh, *Browning*, to be sure!"

"So am I." (*This happened in Boston.*)

"Is n't he just perfectly splendid?"

"Oh, perfectly!"

"But it's hard to always understand just what he means."

"Yes, so it is; but then I just rave over him, anyhow."

"Oh, I do too; he's just grand!"

"You reading Howells this winter?"

"Oh, yes; I've read the 'Minister's Charge.' Is n't it good?"

"Splendid! Only I was just utterly disgusted with the way that 'Manda and Statira carried on.'"

"Was n't you, though? It was just perfectly awful."

"Yes, and to think of that splendid Lem going to sacrifice himself to that Statira, as he was; I declare I cried all night over it!"

"So did I! And I could hug Howells for getting Lem out of that scrape the way he did. I just think Howells is perfectly and utterly lovely, anyhow."

"Is n't he? I read every line he writes the minute it is out."

"Are you reading Craddock any?"

"Yes, indeed! Some of her characters are just too lovely for anything!"

"I know it! But her descriptive parts are so awfully long. Do you know I always skip them?"

"So do I. She has a full moon in every chapter, has n't she?"

"Of course she has! And it's always popping up over the Tennessee mountains on the slightest provocation."

"That's so! But was n't Lethe Sayles just perfectly splendid?"

"Oh, I just screamed over her. But then she could n't step outside the door without the full moon or a 'sibilant wind' coming up immediately."

"I know. Perfectly ridiculous, was n't it? They say James is going out."

"Oh, I think he is just too utterly splendid for any use in some things."

"Yes, but one has to read so much to get so little in his books."

"Oh, how funny you are, Mame."

"I do n't care! It's so, Lol. He takes two solid chapters to tell how a woman gets up from her chair and walks across a room."

"Oh, you're ridiculously funny girl, you! I shall die laughing."

"But, I tell you, Mame; when I want to read something perfectly splendid, I fall back on Dickens' 'David Copperfield'."

"Oh, Lol.; hush right up, or I shall just boo hoo right out in this car. I shall! I just want to be off where I can cry *real hard* every time I think of Dora."

"I tell you, Mame, these modern writers do n't get right squarely down to the heart of things as Dickens and Thackeray did."

"No, they just don't!"

"Now you just—do you get out here?"

"Yes, good bye, dear."

"Good bye."

"You'll come *real soon* to see me?"

"Yes, I will."

"Do, now."

"Yes, indeed! Good bye."

"Good bye."

"Good bye."

"Good bye."

ZENAS DANE.



OCCIDENTAL.



CHICAGO CONNAISSEUR.—You'll guarantee it to be a genuine Carrot?

DEALER (*mildly correcting*).—Corot; yes, sir.

CHICAGO CONNAISSEUR.—If those trees could be touched up a little, I think I'd take it.

FEMININE ADVISER.—That won't make any difference, papa. Cousin Belle can fix it after we get it home. (*Conclusively.*) You know she's been taking lessons.

RANDOM REMARKS.

THE GRAPHIC mentions, as Mr. Marshall P. Wilder's latest, the story of the man who remarked: "See that colored man over there?" "Yes." "No, you don't. He's not colored; he was born so." When our Grandfather used to pass much of his time in climbing the genealogical tree, he always found trouble in getting by that joke, which hung from one of the upper branches.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's conditional acceptance of the New England Society's invitation to dinner has been commented on. We don't blame him at all for being cautious. Indeed, we should have advised him to send for the *menu* beforehand. Baked molasses, garnished with beans and salt-mackerel-sauce, has killed many a good man in the past.

THEY ARE to revive bull-fighting in Mexico, and have ordered an immense iron ring of a company in Pittsburgh, to be erected near the capital. Pittsburgh can furnish it without trouble, and if she would throw in her oil ring, and possibly her natural-gas ring, her honest citizens would congratulate themselves and sympathize with Mexico.

A NUMBER OF Chicago ministers recently attended the opera in that city with a view to learning the status of the ballet from a moral standpoint, and it is said that when the leading dancer executed a *faux pas*, or whatever it is called—*coup d'état* possibly—on her big toenail; several of the excited brothers were heard to murmur "Amen."

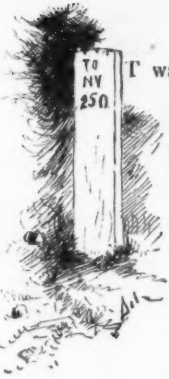
DAVID SAMPLE of Boston, saved six hundred and twenty-five dollars, and—but we must stop this item. No Boston man ever earned more than an even hundred, and as for saving it—with the Parker house, and two dime museums at hand, it is impossible.

NOW THAT everything available is being converted into a toboggan slide, why would n't it be a good scheme for some of the Long Branch summer residents to lease the roofs of their Queen Anne cottages for that purpose?

MUNKACSY is painting a portrait of President McCosh, and to secure an expression of profound reverie on the sitter's part, has hired a man to read "the Autocrat at the Breakfast-table" during the poses.

MRS. DRUSE, the Herkimer murderess, says that if she is hung she will haunt the authorities in her night-gown. It is going to be a cold winter, Mrs. Druse.

THE BOY AND THE BOOKS.



I was in a railroad waiting-room in Boston: I dare not be any more specific, for that Boy still lives, and I am sure that he would, in some manner, compass my utter humiliation should I mention what particular waiting-room it was, and thus identify him. I do not hesitate to say that I fear that Boy, and that I should not sleep at night if I thought he were on my track. I had to wait half-an-hour on a Saturday night in this waiting-room for the New York train, and I am obliged to confess that I swaggered a little during the early minutes of that half-hour with the superiority that we New Yorkers can not help feeling conscious of outside of the metropolis. I stopped swaggering a little later, by the way—but I anticipate.

I had strolled with easy nonchalance about the room two or three times to give the other persons present an opportunity to observe that there was a New Yorker among them, and then my evil star drew me over to the news-stand in a corner of the apartment. This was an ordinary railroad news-stand with the usual display of newspapers, magazines and cheap editions of recent fiction, and this Boy was in charge behind it. I had no desire to buy a book. I simply wished to while away a few moments by looking at the covers, though, to be entirely candid, this desire was in part animated by the thought that I should present a rather attractive figure to a good-looking young woman at that end of the room by standing in a posture of careless grace before the stand, with my shoulders thrown back. Then, too, I knew I might make an impression upon her by the very manner in which I scrutinized the covers of the books—not with the wonder of an unlettered ignoramus, but with the intelligent interest of a scholar, and a critic, as I am.

Now, everyone knows that in any New York waiting-room, or any railroad suburb of New York, like Hunters' Point, or Weehawken, or Jersey City, one may stand and gaze at the books on the news-stand without being molested. Indeed, if one desires to purchase a newspaper or a magazine, he generally has to poke the attendant with umbrella or walking-stick to attract his attention. But no sooner had I struck an intellectual attitude before this Boston news-stand, than the Boy, whom I had not previously noticed, inquired:

"Were you looking for any particular work, sir?"

I was a trifle annoyed, for I was just then trying to discover out of the corner of my left eye whether that young woman was looking at me with the admiration she might be expected to evince; but I replied coldly:

"No, I was not."

My tone ought to have convinced any boy that I did not desire to be disturbed; but this Boy was not at all disheartened:

"Ah," he said: "perhaps I can recommend you one."

I think this is a work you would like," and he threw down before me "Dudley Carleton; or, The Brother's Secret," by Miss M. E. Braddon.

Now, if there is any type of novel that I despise, it is the Lord-and-Lady mush-and-milk romance of the Misses Braddon and Clay school, and I decided to let the Boy understand that I was no indiscriminate crammer of weak fiction, as well as give the young woman an idea of my intellectual status. So I said with hauteur:

"I hardly think I care for anything of *that* nature. Have you Fitzsimon's 'System of Mnemonics'?"

Just then a Connecticut drummer sauntered up, and the Boy smiled a very superior sort of a smile, as he said:

"No, we have n't got that; but it is n't the kind of a book you'd care for, anyway. Now, here's 'King Solomon's Mines,' by Haggard, a new author who is creating a sensation in literary circles in London."

"It's a daisy, too," put in the drummer: "I bought it out in Buffalo the other day, began reading in the station, and never put the book down until we ran off the track the other side of Corning. It's got to be a rattler of a book that'll hold an old hand at reading like me, too."

I turned slowly and cast a glance upon that drummer that ought to have withered him; but it did n't seem to shrivel him much. Then I turned to the Boy again, determined to get the best of him, at any rate, and also to let that young woman carry away the right kind of an im-

pression about me. I tried him on another tack. Looking contemptuously at Haggard's story, I said:

"Have you got Theuriet's 'Mariage de Gérard'?"

"Sold the last copy this afternoon," responded the Boy promptly: "but it was in the original, anyway. We don't have much sale for translations here. Boston people either read their—"

"I can give you a pointer if you want a real la-la of a book," interrupted that thrice-accursed drummer, just as I was on the point of telling the Boy, for the benefit of the young woman, that, of course, I desired the original, too: "Just get this. It's a honey-cooler, now I'm giving you the straight tip."

I can not describe the degree of harshness with which those coarse expressions, "la-la" and "honey-cooler" jarred upon my sensitive organization, nor the disgust that I felt when he threw down before me a pamphlet, labeled "The Phunny Phellow's Own Book. One Hundred Jolly Jokes and Roaring Rarities," with a caution at the bottom: "Be sure your buttons are sewed on tight," and a picture of an extremely obese person of vulgar appearance, with his mouth wide open, whom the artist had endeavored to depict in the throes of laughter.

I paid no attention to the drummer, but said to the Boy, in another attempt to force his admiration, and, likewise that of the young woman:

"Have you 'The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám'?"

Once more the Boy smiled: "They don't sell works of that kind at news-stands," he said, pityingly: "The 'Rubáiyát' is a very expensive and elaborate illustrated affair. It's more of a gift-book than anything else—not what you want at all. Here is Louisa M. Alcott's new book."

I think you'd be interested in that."

I did not look at Miss Alcott's book, but I got a glimpse "out of the tail of my eye"—as the late Charles Reade would say—of the young woman getting up a flirtation with the drummer; and I said desperately:

"Perhaps you have Young's 'Anatomy of Melancholy'?"

The next moment I realized that I had mixed up that work with the author of "Night Thoughts," but I trusted the Boy would not discover it, particularly as I knew he would not have the books in his stall. But I was doomed to further ignominy, for he said, with a superior air:

"You mean Burton's 'Anatomy,' I suppose. No, we don't keep that here. Say—ain't you from New York?"

I was so overcome with confusion, and so anxious to down the Boy, that I denied my residence. Then the Boy said condescendingly:

"Who's your favorite author? and I'll try and find something for you."

"Thackeray," I said meekly, my conceit all gone.

"You ought to read Howells," said the Boy: "here's 'The Rise of Silas Lapham.' Howells has knocked Thackeray silly."

The Boy had touched a tender spot with me, and I found myself actually drawn into a literary discussion with a child who could not have finished school.

"Bosh!" I said: "Thackeray painted the various phases of emotion, of human—"

"Ah, chestnut!" interrupted the Boy: "the public would not now tolerate the confidential attitude of Dickens and Thackeray. We have pro—"

But a kind Providence directed

just then that the gong should ring for

the New York train, and I had an ex-

cuse, that I badly needed, to escape.

The drummer had made the acquaint-

ance of the young woman by this time,

and, as he helped her

onto the train, I heard

him tell her that I was

an ignorant chap, who

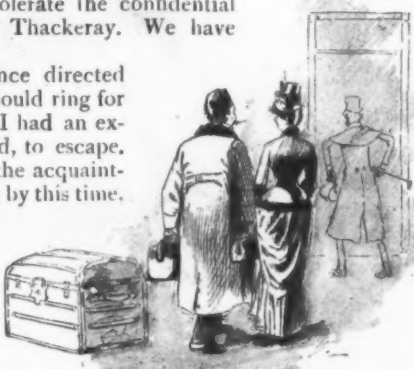
had been trying to get

the newsboy to recom-

mend me an easy book!

Fancy, an *easy* book!

Me!



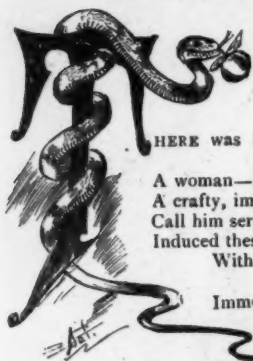


WHERE THEY ARE MOST APPRECIATED.—THE ARRIVAL OF CERTAIN



F CERTAIN NEW YORK MORNING PAPERS IN THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

THE ANDOVER CREED.



IN MODERN ENGLISH.

HERE was a man whose name was Adam,
A woman—Eve—she was his madam;
A crafty, impious imp of evil—
Call him serpent—call him devil—
Induced these folks to eat an apple,
With which they'd been forbid
to grapple;
Immortals thus were rendered mortal
And driven forth
from Eden's portal!

There is a place of endless terror
Prepared for those who fall in error,
Where fire and death and torture never
Cease their work, but rule forever;
Such horrors e'en in wild Ashantee
Were never known nor thought (see Dante).
To this dark cave, for Adam's sin,
Must all his children enter in;
And millions of his poor descendants
Must suffer for his independence.

But the all-merciful Creator
Took pity on the fallen traitor,
Prepared a narrow path of pardon
That led to Heaven's happy garden;
And, lest mankind prefer to sin,
Predestined some to walk therein.
Ah! Happy souls; your goal is Heaven,
Already are your sins forgiven!
But millions still in error languish,
Doomed to death and future anguish,
Who ne'er have heard of Adam's sin,
Nor of the peril they are in;
Who know not of the way of pardon,
Nor of the fall in Eden's garden;
They have no promise of election,
No kind decree for their protection

This, my friends, is the Andover Creed;
Put it aside for the time of need!
In the hour of grief and sorrow
From it consolation borrow;
When your dearest friends are dying,
Read it to the mourners crying—
Read with features stern and solemn
As the massive granite column!
Teach it to the tender maiden,
To the man with sorrow laden;
Teach it to the timid child,
Watch its look of horror wild—
Note the half-defiant fear,
Flushing cheek, and pitying tear;
Teach it to the broken-hearted,
From their loved ones newly parted;
Show them that their Pride and Beauty—
Type of love and filial duty—
Filling all their home with brightness
With her form of airy lightness—
This—their darling—whom they cherished,
Has in Hell forever perished,
All because of Adam's folly!
'Twill drive away your melancholy
And leave with you, consistent one,
A sense of duty nobly done;
Ah, a wonderful thing is the Andover Creed,
Put it aside for the hour of need!

E. FRANK LINTABER.

THE ENTERPRISING PHILADELPHIA
News publishes a picture of the sole of
Mrs. James Brown Potter's foot. The
pressman either got too much ink on
the rollers, or—

MORE OVER—The Latest Ship-Load
of Emigrants.

FROM THE REVISED VERSION.

TEACHER. — Now, children, which
one of you can tell me who it was that
was fed when he was in sore distress?

LITTLE ALBERT (*whose father is a
club-man*).—I can.

TEACHER.—Well, you shall say who
it was. Speak up good and loud, now.

ALBERT.—Chauncey M. Depew.

MANUEL BARVUINT, aged 102, and his wife,
96, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of their
marriage a few days ago, at Matamoras, Mexico,
and died shortly after. This is a long time to
be associated with a Mexican, but they are
probably both happy now.

MR. E. HERON ALLEN, the palmist, says in
his circular that all business must be transacted
through his secretary. That is the way our
business is to be transacted if he calls to sub-
scribe.

AT THE DREAM-CLUB.

EMILY (*to admiring circle of friends*).—Oh,
girls, I had such an awfully lovely dream last
night, when I was at a party, and was intro-
duced to such a handsome fellow, and the time
we had you can't imagine.

"What did you do?"

"We were at a party, you know, and first we
danced, and then we went into the conserva-
tory to rest, and he took my hand, and I *know*
he was going to propose, when I awoke. Was
n't it horrid?"

CHORUS OF SYMPATHIZING CLUB. — Poor
Emily!

A POSSIBLE CONVERT.

FROM "Comrade S." I lately received a cor-
dial and pressing invitation to assist in
"swelling the American Group of Anarchists."
Comrade S. must excuse a slight show of re-
luctance on my part. It would look too spon-
taneous and previous to jump at the first offer.
Naturally coy, I invariably become coyer when
approached suddenly and invited to sit into a
new game with total strangers.

Anarchy, considered as an abstract science,
has never received from me the patient and
careful consideration which its great gravity
demands. Therefore I grope. But if Comrade
S. will shed a little information for my benefit,
it is possible I may see my way clear to blossom
in the spring-time a rosy-handed culprit.

Now, in "swelling the American group" with

AT THE SYNAGOGUE FAIR.



MR. COHN (*whose wife is attending to the fish-pond's interior*).—
Ikelschtein hes god der pole, Leah. Put on an elegant presend. Ve
owe him fer a mondt's rendt.

TUXEDO AGAIN.



MR. SPARROWE-HUNTER. — Is n't it thrilling, Miss
Censer? We're to have some weal wild boahs to hunt
next season. Just imported.

MISS CENSER.—How delightful! If they're harder
to kill off than the tame ones, what superb sport you'll
have! (*And he don't know exactly what she meant, to
this day.*)

whiskey at fifteen cents per swell, and beer at a
nickel a schooner, will it not cost me more to
swell an American group than the same sized
German group? With me, this becomes a ques-
tion of moment.

In view of the fact that the final consumma-
tion of Anarchy means a common division of all
property, how about the tooth-brush question?

As the consummation of Anarchy contem-
plates a free-love annex, shall I be allowed to
retain a speaking acquaintance with my own
family, or must I shake dice for the privilege?

Will it be necessary for the producer of a
thousand bushels of No. 2 wheat to haul it
away and present it to the other Anarchists, or
will the other Anarchists be obliged to go after
it themselves? It seems to me that the
latter alternative would be a great
hardship.

Provided I should decide to swell the
American group at once, will the equal-
ization of property occur immediately,
or shall I have to wait awhile before
exchanging an old set of mosquito-bars
for a ton of new coal which has never
been used?

Another point: I learn that Barthol-
di's Statue of Liberty Enlightening the
Idiots who jump from the Brooklyn
Bridge has been adopted as the Patron-
ess of Anarchy. But the classical pose
of her head encourages a huge icicle
to hang pendant from her nose after
each cold snap. This calamity necessi-
tates a marksman to shoot the dis-
figuring stalactite from that prominent
feature.

Could I obtain the position of shoot-
ist at a fair salary, and house-rent free,
or would you Anarchists tremble for
the safety of the nose? I have shot
several things in my time, including my
wife's cousin, who went home the next
day carrying a charge of duck-shot in
the calf of his leg. If you can hold
this position out as an inducement, I
may try and help swell the group; still,
I am sensitive on some subjects, and it
would be rather humiliating to find
oneself represented by a Patroness who
is obliged to use a shot-gun for a
pocket-handkerchief.

DICK STEELE.



RAMESES II, whose photograph taken a few years after death graces our book-store windows, was noted for his hatred toward the Jews. What a good time he could have had if he had postponed his decease for a few thousand years, and could visit New York. Austin Corbin would have painted the town red for him.

A ST. LOUIS SYNDICATE has purchased an immense tract of land in Mexico. No names are mentioned, but in all probability this purchase was made at the instigation of Mr. Chris. Von-der-ah for the purpose of starting a ball-ground on which the "Browns" can teach some of the larger clubs how to play ball.

A BROOKLYN CITIZEN who was traveling in Maine fell into the vat of a fish-fertilizer company at Eastport, and was nearly suffocated. On coming to his senses he said feebly: "Please let me out at the corner of Myrtle and Carleton Avenues. I'm glad to get home again; but this car's a little close."

CAPTAIN WALSH of the Salvation Army wears a red shirt, on which is embroidered "A burning Hell awaits the careless." It is rumored that his wife did the decoration with a view toward making the Captain wipe his feet before coming in the front-door.

A TEN-YEAR OLD boy in Marion, Ind., has become insane from chewing tobacco. He has probably been using the brand that is accompanied by the female base-ball player cartoons, and the tobacco itself is thus exonerated from complicity in his malady.

GUINEA PIG, Algernon, is the anglo-mania of money grub.

EXPERIENCE.



SECRETARY.—Yes, sir, we want smart, active men to canvass for our publications. Have you had any experience?
 APPLICANT.—Experience? Betcher life I have. Why, pard, I sold a pile that high of 'Larry Dooley's Bar-tender's Guides' in Newark, last week!

A YOUNG AND refined Cleveland girl drank a little too much wine the other night, and amused herself at the Louisville Opera House by throwing rose-buds at the orchestra-leader. It was not until she fell out of the box, however, that the bucolic Louisvillians noticed anything peculiar in her actions, and then with one accord the audience rushed out to get some whiskey to revive her with.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES got mad at his breakfast table the other day. He opened a Western paper that had been sent to him, and read that: "A young man, named Holmes, has been turning out some very pretty verses in Boston recently, and we hope to give our readers the pleasure of perusing some of his work in the near future."

THEY HAVE appointed a new chemist in the Brooklyn Health Department, and he is passing a week or two in the sub-cellar of a "swamp" leather-store, among the green hides, to get himself accustomed to his future duties.

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, having been insulted by the Socialists, has resolved on a barbarous, fiendish revenge. She has resolved not to drive out in her pony-chaise any more.

EX-SUPERINTENDENT WALLING is to publish a book of recollections, and society in the rear and north of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is profoundly and mysteriously agitated.

JUDGE HILTON is getting uncomfortably stout, and several synagogues have appointed special thanksgiving services.

DR. W. A. HAMMOND says that he has set out to write twenty-four novels. Walter Scott is not jealous. He's dead.

A WASHINGTON WOMAN possesses a screen which was removed intact from a Turkish harem, and, on learning of the fact, it was as much as the Senate could do to keep its members from adjourning in a body to inspect the curio.

WITHIN A FEW weeks, at the most, we may expect to read something like this in all but one of the daily papers:

"A procession, composed of some of our most substantial and convivial citizens, marched down Broadway and through the City Hall Park to the Sun office, yesterday. On their arrival, a committee of ten waited upon the editor of that journal, and kindly but firmly insisted on his allowing one of his staff to accompany them. Half an hour later a corpse was hanging on the outstretched arm of the statue of the man who never told a lie, in Union Square. It was all that remained of the man who has had charge of the 'personal observation' column."

HE USED THE STUFF.



BARBER.—Bay-um?
 CUSTOMER (slightly intoxicated).—Yesh, 'bout three fingersh.

LARRY DONOVAN, the bridge-jumper, has lost a grayhound. The grayhound has never been noted as an intelligent animal, but this one could give points of common sense to a Socrates.

BULWER SAID: "The man who smokes thinks like a sage," and Bulwer was wise in his generation. But this old "saw" must be revised to meet the exigencies of the times. Therefore, the present reading should be: "The man who smokes Virginia Brights thinks like two sages."

If you once read by the light of the Improved Hickok Calcium Burner you will never be without one.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 140 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1887 will be out in January. In its make-up it will differ from its predecessors; it will be a SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK of the size of

THE WEEKLY PUCK,
 THE X-MAS PUCK, and
 PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

THE CONTENTS, Illustrations and Letterpress will all be original.

WE MIGHT AS WELL state here that in order to let others share in the financial benefit which we expect to derive from this publication, we will insert a number of

HIGH-CLASS ADVERTISEMENTS in PUCK'S ANNUAL, and request Advertisers to engage space at an early date.

THE RATES ARE: \$240 for a full page.
 120 " half page.
 65 " quarter page.
 35 " eighth page.
 20 " sixteenth page.

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ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.
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COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.
(KIRSEBAER LIQUEUR)
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 573 Broadway, NEW YORK. No. 1 Wall Street, New York.

THE holidays are here; it is the children's happy time,
And books for juvenility invite me to invest.
The Differential Calculus behold in simple rhyme,
And Dr. Johnson's thoughts in single syllables ex-
pressed,
With Bacon's "Novum Organum" in gold and colors
dressed.

The expurgated Rabelais, with Scripture interleaved,
Voltaire *en fait*, The Girls' Spinoza, Schopenhauer for
boys,
Are full of pretty pictures by Kate Greenaway con-
ceived.

"Come purchase," says the bookseller: "these literary
joys,
'Tis right that literary gems should take the place of
toys." —The Rambler.

"I SEE that your brother Moses was arrested
in Chicago the other day," he remarked to old
Abrahams yesterday.

"Vhell, dot doan' signify nothings, does
she?"

"Yes, but he was charged with arson. That's
a serious offense."

"Dot doan' amount to shucks! Dey say
Moses set his shote on fire. To show you how
easy he get outd of it I haf a letter in my
pocket, written two weeks ago, in which he says
it vhas all fixed up for his wife to set der place
on fire while he vhas off to his lodge. All I hat
to do to clear Moses is to send on dot letter."
—Wall St. News.

MANY CITIZENS.—Is it true that you won't
be responsible for newspapers left on top of let-
ter-boxes?

UNCLE SAM.—Just so.

"Then why don't you make the holes big
enough to put a newspaper in?"

"Rubber is too dear."

"What do you want of rubber?"

"Got to have something that will stretch as
fast as the newspapers do." —Omaha World.

"I LAY my failure to over-production en-
tirely," explained a Vermont undertaker to his
creditors.

"How?" was asked.

"Well, I went at it last spring and made up
fifty coffins, and the friends of the only man in
this county who has died since bent him double
and buried him in a dry-goods box. No man
can do business with fifty empty coffins look-
ing him in the face." —Wall Street News.

MISS BLANK (to her cousin, who has inad-
vertently admired her foot).—Yes, papa thinks
so much of my foot, that while we were in Italy
he tried his best to persuade me to have a bust
made of it. —Harper's Bazar.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.
Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 723

Angostura Bitters is a household word all over the world.
For over 30 years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now
advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine
article is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.



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The Handsomest and Most Eco-
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Now and Beautiful Designs.

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A sure cure for Chapped Hands.
Though a "Shaving Soap," it is unequalled for the Toilet. For
sale by all druggists.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
Manufacturers for 50 years of "GENUINE YANKEL" and
other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

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Price, Twenty-Five Cents.

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SOHMER & CO.

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CHICAGO, ILL., 209 Wabash Avenue.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 922 Market St.

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stood the test of over twenty-five
years' use, and have proved the best
external remedy extant. They are
the only genuine porous plasters, and
imitations are not only lacking in the
elements which make Allcock's so ef-
fectual, but they are often harmful in
their effects. Allcock's Porous Plas-
ters do not blister or irritate the skin,
but soothe and relieve while curing,
and are safe, sure, and speedy in their
action. They are recommended and
endorsed by the highest medical au-
thorities, and have the unqualified
commendation of the thousands of af-
flicted men and women who have
used them. Beware of imitations.
Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no ex-
planation or solicitation induce you to
accept a substitute.

136

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure.
Costing less than one cent a cup.

12



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LATEST IMPROVED

"VAPOR BATTERY."

The Wonder of the Nineteenth Century.

For Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Insomnia
and Nervous Diseases, it acts with
Magical Influence.

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FREE UNTIL CONVINCED.

Patent applied for.
Dr. LOOMIS, formerly of No. 88 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., has re-
moved to No. 54 W. 23rd Street, opposite Eden Musée. We de-
sire representatives in unoccupied territory. Address 751

VAPOR BATTERY COMPANY, 54 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.

Handsome, Durable and Easily Adjusted (no
Harness). Made to fit all Round, Square or Slop-
ing Shoulders. The silk lacing avoids all straining
on the shoulders or trousers. The most com-
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all first class dealers in Men's Furnishing
Goods. Patented in England, France, Canada
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Sold By ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

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as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.

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Habitual Costiveness

causes derangement of the entire system, and begets diseases that are hazardous to life. Persons of a costive habit are subject to Headache, Defective Memory, Gloomy Forebodings, Nervousness, Fevers, Drowsiness, Irritable Temper and other symptoms, which unfit the sufferer for business or agreeable associations. Regular habit of body alone can correct these evils, and nothing succeeds so well in achieving this condition as **Tut's Pills**. By their use not only is the system renovated, but in consequence of the harmonious changes thus created, there pervades a feeling of satisfaction; the mental faculties perform their functions with vivacity, and there is an exhilaration of mind, freedom of thought, and perfect heart's ease that bespeaks the full enjoyment of health.

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OPIUM HABIT ABSOLUTELY CURED.
NOT A FARTHING PAID
or self-denial. Pay when cured. Handsome book
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733

"DOT OLD GOAT."

Moses Isaac Einstein
All on a summer day
He gave two dollars for a coat
And laid the coat away.
"I geef two dollars for that goat,
I lay dose goat away,
I drades me off dot olt goat,
Und gets a new von—Hey?"

Jacob Levi Lipstein,
He felt the winter's chill,
And so must have an overcoat
A long-felt want to fill.
"I sells me mit mine olt goat,
I buys me shoost a new,
Und spends me not one dollar out
Dose whole long winter troot."

Moses Isaac Einstein
And Jacob Lipstein meet;
They try to strike a bargain
Without the least deceit.
"I drade you in dees old goat,
Und you dose new one take,
Kesh money if you gif me,"
Thus "Ikey" quoth to "Jake."

"Dot poor old coat vas useless,
Dose shtyle vas nuttin' like,
Der hummin' birds vas eat it up,"
So "Jakey" said to "Ike."
"Der moths dey make it ragged,
Yet, still, look here, mine frent,
I drade dose coats yooost even—
Kesh money—not a cent."

So on these terms they traded,
Each thought he'd make a strike;
"Ike's" coat was new to "Jakey,"
"Jake's" coat was new to "Ike";
And here a trenchant moral
Free gratis I'll unfold,
'Tis change that makes the difference
Between the new and old.

—Chicago Daily News.

Patience and gentleness are useful and powerful; but they can not cure a cough, which, however, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will always do.

FROM REV. E. S. UFFORD, PASTOR BAPTIST Church, East Auburn, Me.: "Adam-on's Botanic B-sam is truly a specific. My lungs and throat were in an inflamed and almost congested condition, from which I have been cured by the use of Adamson's B-sam." Price, 10 cents, 35 cents, and 75 cents. **Kinsman's Pharmacy**, 25th St. and 4th Ave.

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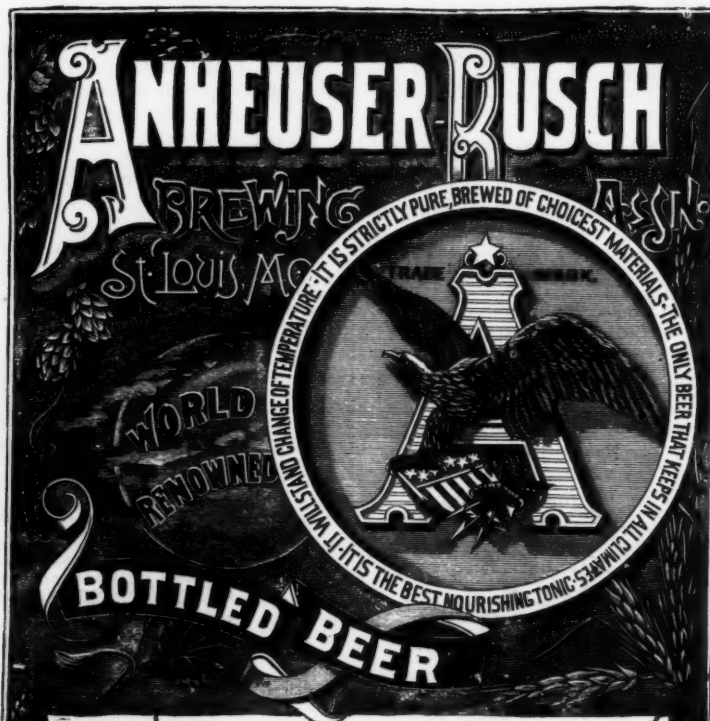
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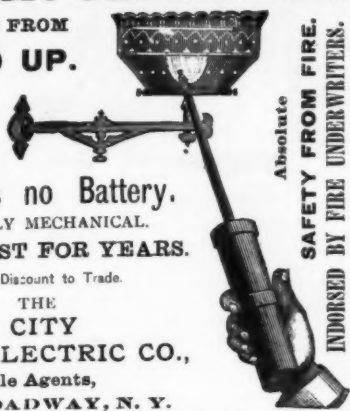
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STUFF the school children; fill up the heads of them; Send them all lesson-full home to the beds of them; Blackboard and exercise, problem and question; Bother their young brains and spoil their digestion; Stuff them with 'ologies, all they can smatter at; Fill them with 'ometrics, all they can batter at; Crowd them with 'onomies, all they can chatter at; When they are through with the labor and show of it, What do they care for it, what do they know of it?
—N. Y. Sun.

THE other day a Baltimore ex-coal-dealer, who started in business with sixty thousand dollars a few years before, was seen carrying up coal from a pile dumped in front of a lawyer's office:

"Well, Green, I suppose this makes you think of the past," said an acquaintance who happened along.

"Oh, yes. I was just thinking that I ought to have failed in cotton or wheat instead of coal. The business would n't have been so hard on my back, you know."—*Wall St. News.*

THEY do not say "stomach ache" in Boston. "Gastric neuralgia" is the proper word; but it gets there all the same.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"LET's see," he mused, as he softly pulled at his ear: "your name is Johnson, is n't it?"

"Yes, sir."
"You married a widow over at Turkey Bend who had twenty thousand dollars in mortgages?"

"I married a widder."

"And the mortgages?"
"Were on the widder's property, gosh hang it; I'm up here now to see if false-teeth is a ground for divorce."—*Wall St. News.*

Every one knows that cocoa is an excellent tonic. Taken in the morning, at breakfast, it has no equal for nutrition and strengthening qualities; but it can be taken with advantage at any time. It is especially recommended for nursing mothers, to whom its benefits are invaluable. Unfortunately cocoa is sometimes mixed with starch, arrowroot or sugar, and thus loses a great part of its special properties; hence, great care should be taken to procure the best in the market. Baker's Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate preparations have long been the standard of excellence, and are guaranteed absolutely pure.

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From Puck, December 8th, 1886.

"Our Boss Exchange."

We love our *Agriculturist*, and when we're feeling blue We pick it up, and softly smile, and read it through and through: And then we fancy that we fly, with gorgeous silken sails, All stretched and filled with purple tones and aromatic gales. And while we read we have to rise and dance a lively jig, To learn the thing that always cures dyspepsia in a pig. Or how to keep the down from dropping off the winter geese, And what to feed the sheep upon to make them taste like meese. We do not want to be a Czar, an Emperor, or King, A Sultan, or a Shah, or any other royal thing; But it would keep our fancies ever more upon the bud To own an *Agriculturist* and be the Editor! Judd.

* Plural of moose.

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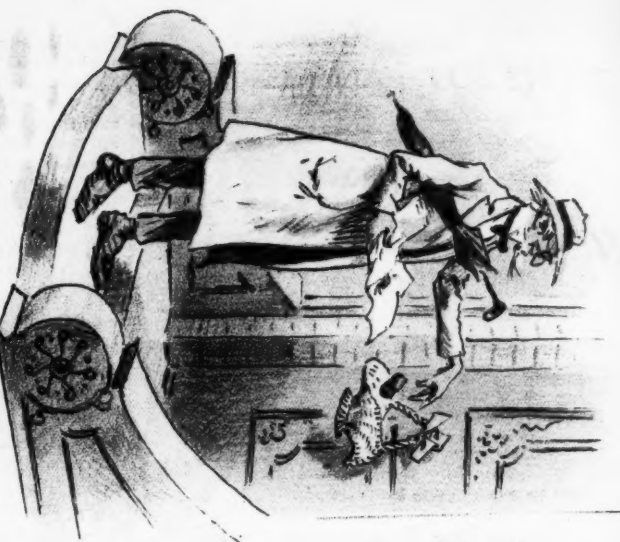
MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND,

which was given with "The Christmas Puck," we have reprinted same, and copies can be had of all News-dealers at 15 cents per copy.

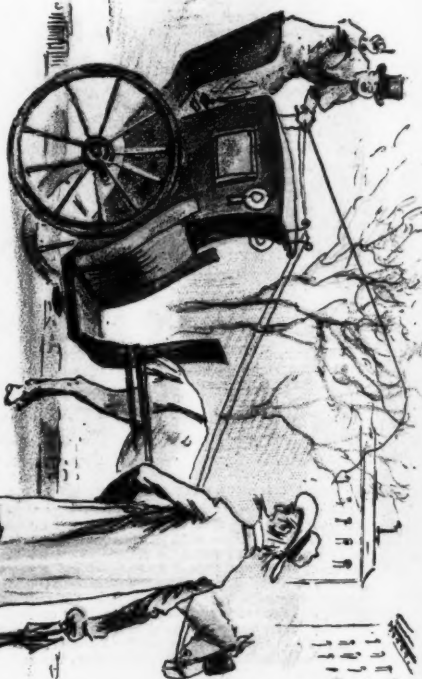
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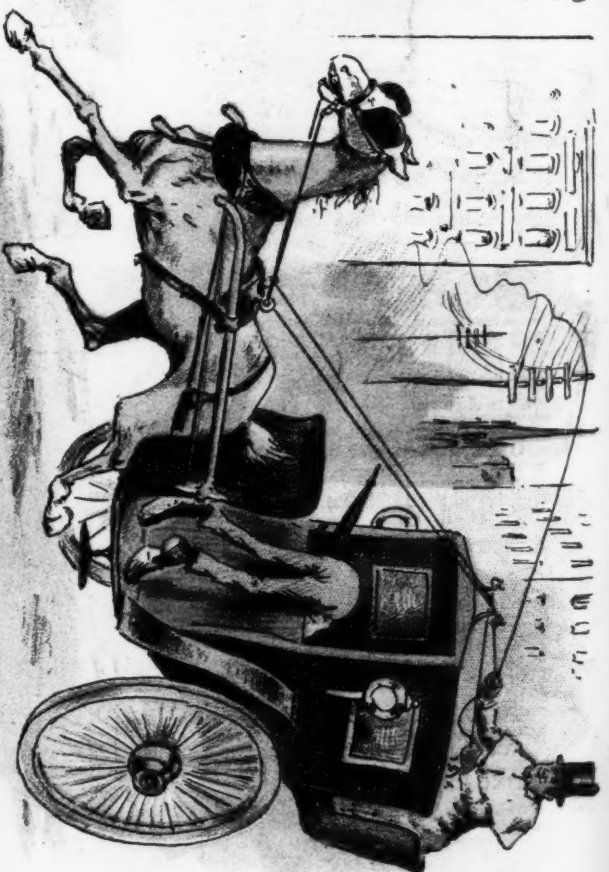
Puck Building, New York.



"Times must be pretty hard when city folks has to hang out baskets fer cold vittles. Guess I'll jest drop in a couple o' these ere doughnuts I brought from home!"



"That's the most cur'us lookin' buggy I ever come across; I'll hev ter take a ride in her, an' see how she goes!"



"Taint very comfortable; but I s'pose it's fashionable."



"He calls me his city friend. 'Well, I don't a drinkin' man, but guess it's New Year's, I'll take just a little drop o' Medford rum with a spoonful o' molasses inter it.'"



"Reckon I'll hev ter be goin'—good evenin', ladiesgentlemen."

"Hooway! This here is the biggest New Year's I ever struck!"



UNCLE HAYSEED'S ADVENTURES, NO. II.—HOW HE SPENT NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE CITY.